THE DAILY ROUND.

No halo shone about her head;
No aureole with lustrous gleam
Shed light upon the well-worn path—
Or made the burden easier seem.
When the first flush of eastern sun
Lit up the swiftly lengthening day,
No special grace, no quickening song
Illumed the weary, toilsome way.

And dreams of youth were dreams of toil
Which led to mountain heights of fame.
Somewhere in all the vast, wide world
She vainly hoped to win a name.
To sing a verse, so clear and sweet,
So helpful in its simple rhyme,
So fraught with hope, or kindred grief
As lifts some life to faith sublime.

To paint a picture which would glow
With radiance in some darkened home;
Or laboring in some barren land
Bid Christ's neglected children come.
To bear the standard of the cross
And open wide the door of light—
The hungry feed, the mourner cheer,
And pierce the gloom of brooding night.

But this long train of trifling tasks,
Gliding unnoticed hour by hour,
Would the recording angel note,
When skies were dark, and storm-clouds lower?
Would the All Father bend to hear
The penitent unspoken word
Of one who Martha-like must serve,
While care-free Mary greets her Lord?

But inch by inch the salt waves fill
The sheltered inlet's hollowed space,
So fills the patient, faithful soul
The ancient prophet's promised grace.
A kindly word, a welcoming smile,
The thought of praise, where many frown,
May gild a day with light and peace,
Where yesterday all hope had flown.

And He who notes the sparrow's fall,
Fashions the waxen lily's cup—
Moistens with dew the sun-parched hills
And gives the glad rain, drop by drop,
Can guide the footsteps one by one
As we with wavering steps and slow
Draw near the home descried afar,
Where streams of limped waters flow.
—E. E. Street, in Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

Little France

A ROMANCE OF THE DAYS WHEN "THE GREAT LORD HAWKE" WAS KING OF THE SEA

BY

CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY

Author of "Commodore Paul Jones," "Reuben James," "For the Freedom of the Sea," etc.

CHAPTER I.

IN THE FOG OFF USHANT.

FOR two days H. B. M. brig-of-war Boxer had been groping about in a thick fog off the island of Ushant on the Breton littoral. At least, in default of astronomical observation, that is where Lieut. Philip Grafton, her commander, imagined his ship to be. The Boxer was bound in for Portsmouth, England, with dispatches from Admiral Boscawen, then commanding at Gibraltar. She had made a quick passage from the Straits and had met with no bad luck or misfortune until she had run into the fog near Belle Isle, since which time she had been slowly working her way northward, as the fitful breezes and mist-hidden seas permitted. The dispatches she bore were of grave importance, and haste in their delivery had been enjoined upon the young commander. Therefore, he chafed under the vexatious delays, with all the impatience of a sailor to whose progress fogs and calms are obstacles well-nigh insurmountable by his sea-philosophy.

To his impatience was added a vivid consciousness of probable and imminent danger, for the Boxer was drifting about within easy striking distance of the great French naval depot of Brest, which was filled with the capital ships and cruisers of the enemy; and the narrow seas, in the absence of any English fleet nearer than Gibraltar, swarmed with men-of-war coming and going. At that time no English blockade had been established on the French seaboard, and the ships of the "well beloved" king ran in and out of Brest at their pleasure.

So long as the fog held, the English brig was safe from observation and the danger of capture by a ship of superior force was minimized; it amounted to almost nothing in fact. But when the fog lifted—unless it were accompanied by a good breeze, which would scarcely be likely at that season of the year—the Boxer would be at the mercy of anything of sufficient size that happened along. Though young in the service, Lieut. Grafton had earned a well-deserved reputation for daring and skill, and gladly would he have welcomed an opportunity for a brush with a cruiser of a force equal to, or even somewhat greater than, his own. English ships then were accustomed to giving odds; indeed, unless there was some preponderance in force in favor of the French, they took but little credit for a victory. But a vessel which would at all match his own was not likely to appear.

Grafton was one of the few American provincials in the royal naval service. His father had been in command of one of the armed vessels of the squadron of the colony of Massachusetts which had done remarkably good work in Pepperell's successful campaign against Louisburg in 1745. As a reward for his services on that occasion—services by no means inconsiderable—stout old John Grafton had been given a commission in the king's navy, and was now a rear-admiral, retired, living in the enjoyment of his honors in his ancestral home in Massachusetts. His son, who had followed his father's profession, also enjoyed the royal favor and had risen rapidly through the various grades of the naval service to the rank of lieutenant. He had, in his brief career, given evidence of superior ability, and it was thought with his influence that he would eventually obtain high rank in the service.

On the morning of the 3d of July, 1754, the young captain was restlessly pacing the weather side of the small quarter-deck of his brig in close consultation with his first lieutenant, a kindred spirit, named Stanhope.

"Dash me, John!" he exclaimed impatiently, dropping the quarter-deck for the nonce, as they were out of hearing of everybody except an old seaman at the wheel, who had sailed with Grafton's father from boyhood and had, naturally, attached himself to the fortunes of the son. "Dash me, but this is vexing! Here we lie tossing about like an empty bottle in these beastly swells and not a thing to tell us where we are or where we are drifting!"

"True, Capt. Grafton," answered the lieutenant, giving his superior his courtesy title, "the fog's so thick you could almost cut it. I can't even see the heel of the bowsprit for'ard. 'Tis most annoying."

"Hark! what's that?" cried Grafton, stopping short and catching his subordinate by the arm. "There!" pointing aft, "didn't you hear it? A ship's bell!"

As he spoke the sound of a bell struck, in couplets, four times, came faintly toward them through the gray mist-laden air of the morning.

"Ay, surely, I heard it," answered Stanhope, turning about, lifting his hand to his ear as he spoke, and concentrating his attention in the direction of the sound.

"Where do you make it to come from?"

"Why, about there, dead astern, I should say, sir," replied the other, pointing aft.

"Right O, Mr. Stanhope. Pass the word quietly forward for the men to make no noise," said the captain, turning to the midshipman on watch. "It's ten chances to one yon's a French ship."

Many of the crew had heard the sound of the bell, and they stood listening with eager intentness in various attitudes about the deck. In obedience to their captain's direction, all of them remained still and quiet, waiting his further orders. Presently a little puff of air fanned the cheek of the watchful commander.

"The breeze is coming, I trust," he said to Stanhope. "See! The fog thins yonder! 'Tis lightening surely! Get the men to their quarters without the drum, Mr. Stanhope; cast loose the batteries and load with a round shot and a stand of grape. Bear a hand! Lively, but be quiet with it all! We may have need to show our teeth in a moment. Ay, it clears!"

In a moment, as the lieutenant ran forward giving the order, the deck of the brig was filled with silent con-

THEY STOOD LISTENING.

fusion. The men sprang like big cats to their stations. The little guns of the vessel were soon cast loose and provided, and, having been double-shotted, were run out again and a good turn taken with the side-tackles to hold them. The wind was coming stronger now, but still in fitful puffs, from the southwest. Singularly enough, the fog seemed to be rising against the wind.

Presently, by the watchful young commander's direction, the sail-trimmers braced about the yards to take advantage of the rising breeze, and the Boxer began slowly to forge through the water. It was the first time in several days that she had enjoyed good steerage way, and all hands watched her travel with feelings of great relief. Before she had gathered much way, however, they heard again the sound which had awakened them to action. Five bells this time came floating up from the southward as before. On this occasion the sound was clearer and more distinct, showing that the approaching vessel had drawn nearer. The deep quality of the tones denoted that the bell was a large one.

"By gad, Stanhope, that bell doesn't swing on anything under a heavy frigate," said Grafton; "we're in for it this time unless we can make some distance with this brisking breeze while the fog holds. What's she making?"

"About two knots, I think, sir," answered Stanhope, looking over the side at the sluggish water slowly drawing past; "maybe two and a half, no more."

"'Tis a cursed slow boat; but British ships are not built for running, they leave that for t'other fellows. I wish now the fog would hold a little longer. Keep your weather eye lifting there, Jabez," continued Grafton, turning to old Slocum, who still stood at the wheel; "don't lose a bit of it."

"Ay, ay, sir!" replied the old Yankee, shifting his quid as he gave a careful squint at the top-sails, which the wind was scarcely strong enough to fill. "I won't lose none o't, yer honor."

For a few anxious moments the brig held on. Presently, in spite of their desires, the two officers perceived that the fog was indeed going. However, there was nothing to be done. It was still too thick to see anything distinctly, so they held on steadily. At 11 o'clock, from the other ship, they heard again the sound of the bell, which now rang six times. She, too, had been feeling the wind, and was evidently edging along in their wake, which was pure chance, for they had given her no sign of their presence.

"Confound the luck!" said Grafton; "whatever she is, she's right after us. By the sound, I should say we haven't gained a fathom!"

"Lost, rather," suggested Stanhope. "This brig's no goer at all in this sort of breeze, and it's so fitful no one can tell——"

"By heaven, the wind has shifted again! We're aback! Shift the helm there! All hands to the lee braces!" cried Grafton, as the wind suddenly swung about and took the ship aback.

Fortunately it was not blowing strong enough to do any damage, although the wind was increasing in force with every moment. But before the Boxer paid off, the fog suddenly lifted. It was brushed away from them as if it had been swept aside by a gigantic hand. The gray mist in front of them gave place to radiant golden light. The tossing white-capped waves, instead of showing the sickly leaden color of the past few days, were thrown into brilliant blue by the irradiating sun. The brightness was almost dazzling. There did not seem to be a single cloud above them.

"Land ho!" shouted one of the men on the forecastle, as the mist disappeared.

There before them, and scarcely a mile away, rose the grim cliffs of the forbidding island of Ushant. They could see the breakers crashing and churning in sheets of foam about its feet.

"All hands to the lee braces!" cried Grafton, promptly. "Starboard your helm! Flow the head-sheets, there! Haul over that spanker-sheet. We must get away from that, Stanhope!"

"Sail ho!" cried one of the afterguard at the same instant, as the handy little brig spun around on her heel and thrust her blunt nose up toward the wind on the port tack.

There, scarcely two cables' length away from them, they saw the bows of an immense ship, ghostlike, come shoving through the fog, which still enshrouded that quarter of the sea.

CHAPTER II.

THE SMASHING OF THE BRIG.

"'TIS a ship of the line!" shouted Stanhope, who immediately caught sight of it.

Grafton slewed himself about on his heel and rapidly took in the situation.

"And a Frenchman, by heaven!" he roared. "No English ship has bows like that! Break out the stuns'ls, Mr. Stanhope, we may need them presently."

At the same instant they were seen from the ship of the line.

"Ship ahoy! What ship is that?" came up the wind from the French vessel.

"We'll soon show you," said Grafton, under his breath. "Man the port battery, lads! Jump lively! We must escape if we can!"

The two ships were sailing at right angles to each other now, one going free and the other just coming by the wind on the port tack. They were so near each other that the men clustered forward on the top-gallant forecastle of the French ship could easily be made out. The fog was going as if by magic.

"Stand by!" roared Grafton, as they passed squarely across the Frenchman's bow. "Fire!"

The eight six-pounders on the port side of the brig saluted the liner with an impudent broadside.

"Well done, my boys! Now then, hard up with the helm!" shouted Grafton. "Hands by the weather braces! Flow the spanker-sheets! Lively, lads!"

Before the men on the ship of the line had recovered from the astonishment inspired by Grafton's audacity, the Boxer swung around and ran off free, again heading toward Ushant. For a few moments there was no little confusion on the French ship. Her jib-stay had been cut, the sail unsupported was dragging in the water. Rents appeared in the foresail, and parted shrouds here and there showed that the well-aimed discharge had done good service, although it had no effect on the heavy scantling and timbers of the liner. But no material damage, of course, had been or could be effected by the six-pound guns of a little 300-ton brig against a French 74. Still, the confusion consequent upon her intrepid attack enabled the brig to gain a considerable lead. It was necessary for him to get some distance away from his pursuer before Grafton could come by the wind again, in order to weather the western point of Ushant: which, to anticipate, he presently succeeded in doing.

In a short time, however—painfully short for the pursued—the liner, emulating the movements of the English cruiser, got the wind on her quarter and commenced bowling along after the brig. Her nimble crew had set sail after sail on her lofty spars, and she swept along in the bright sunny morning a towering and splendid picture of sea power and sea beauty. She had been wonderfully well handled for a Frenchman, and the evolutions were as smartly done as they could have been by a crack English crew—then the best sailors in the world. And as the English brig, having run free as long as she dared, at last bore up, her gigantic pursuer promptly did the same.

"They may talk as they please about the frog-eaters not being seamen," said Grafton to the young officers congregated about him on the quarter-deck; "the man that handles that ship doesn't need to take lessons from anybody. Wheel, there! Edge up into the wind, will you? See how she follows us, gentlemen! She gains on us hand over fist! See how she comes down! Bring up the dispatches, Mr. Stanhope, and have them ready to heave overboard; they mustn't get them if we are captured! Ah! They're giving us a taste of their metal at last. Steady now, keep her up to it! Luff her hard!"

As he spoke the line-of-battle ship suddenly yawed, a puff of smoke broke out forward as her bow-chaser bore and a shot from a 32-pounder came hurtling through the air at the brig. Fortunately it missed her.

"Shall we make any reply, sir?" asked Stanhope.

"Nonsense!" replied Grafton. "We haven't a gun on board that could carry half the distance. No, hold on as we are. I don't think she'll fire again. She's overhauling us so rapidly that there is no use of their damaging their prize."

They watched the chasing ship carefully for a few moments in gloomy silence. There was no escape for them apparently.

"Now, I have an idea," burst out Grafton at last. "If it fails, I guess we are good for a cruise on shore in one of Johnnie's prisons. Slocum, let her off a bit more, now. I think we've enough offing to weather Ushant, with something to spare, and I want monsieur to get well to windward of us. Stanhope, yon's a noble ship. We can outfight these Frenchmen, but we can't outbuild them. The best ships in our navy are those captured from King Louis."

"What's the use of our bothering to build ships if the French will build them for us?" asked the matter-of-fact and practical Stanhope. "All we've got to do is to go out and take 'em."

"We won't take that one, though."

"No, sir, we won't," answered Stanhope, sighing over the gloomy prospect.

"I wish to God we had the old Torbay under us, then we'd not show yon fellow our heels but our teeth, hey, Stanhope?" exclaimed the captain.

"Ay, sir; and with old Hawke in command——"

"No, man," answered the young captain promptly; "I'd want to command her myself. I warrant that, with you to second me, we would give a good account of the gentleman yonder! See how he overhauls us! If he should yaw now and give us a broadside, I am afraid it would be all over with us. Look, how he is eating up to windward of us too! What a tub this is!"

"Ay, he slips along like a yacht. We've no show at all. It's all up with us, I'm afraid," answered Stanhope.

"I don't quite give up the game yet. We'll have one more try at a run presently. If he does the right thing, then we're lost; if not, I think we'll make it."

"You can count on a seaman like the man handling that ship doing the right thing, sure."

"Yes, I fear so. Still we can but try!"

[To Be Continued.]

The Queer Man.

Of all forms of temper there is none more tiresome to deal with than that which is known as "queer." Down comes a bolt from the blue in the midst of apparent sunshine, and a sudden gloom and moroseness hide our friend completely from our view. An injured attitude is assumed, a martyr's halo carefully pinned on, and the happy everyday life becomes an impossibility. People who want to be loved or even liked should never be difficult. Society has not time, even if it had the inclination, to study their idiosyncrasies and play up to all their petty prejudices. The passionate and even the sulky temper is forgiven sooner than the difficult one, and is perhaps more possible to cure.—Edith H. Fowler, in London Mail.

Once in a Life Time.

It was a pitiful mistake, an error sad and grim. I waited for the railway train, the light was low and dim. It came at last, and from a carriage stepped a dainty dame, and, looking up and down the place, she straight unto me came. "Oh, Jack!" she cried, "oh, dear old Jack!" and kissed me as she spake; then looked again, and, frightened, said: "Oh, what a bad mistake!" I said: "Forgive me, maiden fair, for I am not your Jack; and as regards the kiss you gave, I'll straightway give it back." And since that night I've often stood upon the platform dim; but only once in a man's whole life do such things come to him.—London Tit-Bits.

Very Agreeable.

Bismarck once related the following anecdote about wines: "Formerly, when wine was still cheap, everybody could both drink and stand more of it. I remember the story of two men from the Rhine. They met together in the morning for a drink, and, on sitting down, one of them said to the other, in the dialect peculiar to the Rhine districts, 'This wine is good.' Toward sunset they got up, and after emptying his last glass, the other one made answer, 'and it agrees with one, too.'"

Same Thing.

"I understand you were carried away by her singing."

"Well, not quite that; I was driven away by it, though!"—N. O. Times-Democrat.

Railroad Time Card.

LOUISVILLE & NASHVILLE.

ARRIVAL OF TRAINS AT PARIS.

From Cincinnati—10:58 am; 5:33 pm, 9:45 pm.
From Lexington—5:11 am; 7:45 pm 3:28 pm; 6:10 pm.
From Richmond—5:05 am; 7:50 am, 3:18 pm.
From Maysville—7:40 am; 3:15 pm.

DEPARTURE OF TRAINS FROM PARIS.

To Cincinnati—5:15 am; 7:55 am 3:30 pm.
To Lexington—7:50 am; 11:05 am; 5:40 pm; 9:49 p. m.
To Richmond—11:10 am; 5:33 pm; 9:51 pm.
To Maysville—8:00 am; 6:20 pm.

F. B. CARR, Agt.

FRANKFORT & CINCINNATI.

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